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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

APRIL 1925

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

On the Way to Market

BY VIOLET M. METHLEY

"THIS little pig went to market!" Biddy groaned, as she stopped in the middle of the steep path and pushed back the wet hair out of her eyes. "Och, shure, that's just what 'this little pig won't do'—the wicked little crathure!"

As she spoke, the little black pig, which she was leading by a string tied to its hind foot, made a dash to one side of the path, so that Biddy was nearly pulled over, and did not quite know whether to laugh or be angry.

In the end she decided to laugh, as Biddy nearly always did, even if she was hurt or unhappy, since she generally found something funny about it. She was a girl of twelve, rather small for her age, with grey eyes and thick, fair hair, which was dripping wet now—as wet as her red cloak, which had been her mother's and grandmother's before it was given to Biddy.

For it was a terribly wet day. The rain was pouring down, as it had been pouring now for weeks and weeks and weeks, without ever stopping for more than a few minutes.

Biddy lived with her mother in a little smoky cabin nearly at the top of a mountain. At the foot of the mountain was the village of Ballyoshee, and it was to the market in this village that the little girl was taking the black pig—or the black pig was taking her, for, as Biddy remarked to herself, she couldn't be quite sure which was which!

The path ran down to the village, along the edge of a great bog, where all the people of Ballyoshee and the other villages round came to cut peat for burning. The bog was full of pools and green patches, where it was very deep and treacherous; and in the summer there was cotton-grass and bog-myrtle, with will-o'-the-wisps dancing over it at night.

The bog was not flat and level, as one would expect a bog to be, but all sloping. It filled up a kind of valley or hollow in the side of the mountain, and this sloping valley ended in a very steep precipice, just above the village.

Well, Biddy was disentangling the pig's string from her ankle for the twentieth time, and thinking that the pair of them never *would* reach the market safely,

when suddenly she heard a curious, low, rumbling sound, rather like thunder a long way off.

"I wonder—is that a storm?" Biddy thought, standing up and looking round her. "It sounds like thunder—only it seems so close, somehow——"

Then the sound came again, seeming to come from nearer still, and Biddy stood motionless, looking out across the bog. For she had seen something—she saw the whole bog was moving!

Against the grey-coloured rocks which rose abruptly on the other side of the bog she could see quite plainly what was happening. The whole mass of the bog was sliding downwards, slowly but very steadily, and it was just those great masses of mud and peat and stones passing over the rocky bed far, far below, which caused the rumbling, thunder-like noise which the little girl had heard.

All the extra rain of the winter and spring, all the water running down from the mountain-top and soaking into the bog, had made it heavier than before, and had set it moving. Biddy had sometimes heard stories of how such things had happened—and she knew how terrible it was.

But for a few minutes she stood watching it, whilst the black pig tugged at his string, before she really understood just what it meant. Then, all of a sudden, Biddy saw plainly, and gave a little frightened gasp.

"Och, whatever will I do?" she whispered.

Gradually the whole great bog was sliding down towards the precipice which hung over Ballyoshee, just above the village, of which the houses were almost all built under the very foot of the mountain. There was a little slope of stony turf between the bog and the edge of the cliff, but the great mass of mud and water and peat would soon roll over that, and fall down—down—burying most of the village—all except the few cottages which were built on a little mound round the church beyond the market-place.

And it would happen terribly quickly—Biddy saw that too. Unless the people of the village were warned in time, they would all be buried, too, in the houses.

It was a dreadful moment for Biddy! As she stood there trying to think, she imagined all her schoolfellows and her teacher in the schoolhouse at the foot of the mountain, who might soon be killed by the fall of the terrible bog, before any one could save them.

Perhaps you will wonder why the little girl did not run quickly down the path to the village at once and warn them of what was happening. Well, that was just the first thing she thought of—but then she saw that she could not possibly be in time that way.

Even as she watched, the bog was beginning to move much more quickly as it came to the steeper part of the slope just above the precipice. It was sliding down this, a great mass of half-liquid, half-solid mud, with rocks carried along in it. Biddy knew that it would take her quite three-quarters of an hour to get to the village by the path—and that would not be in time.

Then suddenly she remembered that there was one way by which she might possibly be able to race the bog, and reach the foot of the mountain first. Just above the schoolhouse a tiny path ran down the face of the cliff—a very steep path, which she had sometimes climbed with her schoolfellows, who loved scrambling, in search of flowers and birds' nests.

Biddy knew that it only took about half the time to reach the village that way than if one went round by the ordinary path, but she would have to cross the bog itself to get to the cliff—the horrible, moving bog, so full of treacherous holes and pitfalls that it was never safe, even at the best of times. And now!

"But there's nothing else to be done—nothing at all, at all! I've just got to go across the bog, and looking at it won't make it any better!" Biddy said aloud resolutely. "You'll have to stay here, you little villain, you—P'r'aps you won't get to market at all to-day! Now, where can I be afther tying you up so you won't be running off?"

The little girl found a stone by the pathside, and round it she tied the pig's string. The little animal was very angry, and squealed furiously, tugging and

pulling when it found it could not escape, but Biddy paid no heed to it. She was much too busy choosing what seemed the best way across the bog.

She set out at once without wasting another instant, since each instant was so precious. She jumped on to a kind of stepping-stone in the bog, and from that to another and another. Then, when there were no more stones to be seen, she made a spring for a big tuft of grass and rushes, but it gave way under her, and she sank in the bog up to the ankles.

She managed to struggle out and reach another rock, and so on Biddy went, until she was right in the middle of the bog.

"And it's just as well I'm afther having got here," she thought to herself, "because now it's as easy to go forward as to go back, and I shan't be tempted."

But all the same it wasn't easy to go forward. It got more and more difficult with each step the little girl took, or rather with each jump, for steps were impossible. She was beginning to get very tired and out of breath, too, with hurrying so, and never resting to take breath for a second. She did not dare to do such a thing, although she just longed for it, and her chest and her legs and her back were all aching together.

Then Biddy jumped on to a patch of green grass which looked perfectly safe, and it gave way under her feet with a horrible squelch.

Almost before she knew what was happening, she was up to her knees in mud—over her knees—up to her waist—and she could feel the bog sucking and dragging her down, deeper and deeper each instant.

Then, at that terrible moment, she caught sight of a clump of rushes not so very far away. It was almost out of reach, but she stretched and stretched, until she managed to catch hold of the tuft, and to



drag herself out of the hole bit by bit, inch by inch, on to safer, steadier ground.

The little girl sat panting until she had got back some of her breath, and then she was obliged to scrape off the huge lumps of mud and peat which were clinging to her skirts and feet, and which would certainly have dragged her down if she had tried to walk.

But how her legs ached when she set off once more towards the edge of the bog! It was so horrible, too, to feel the ground moving under one's feet, rather like what an earthquake must feel in the countries where they happen, and very much nastier than you could fancy for yourself.

It seemed to Biddy just ages before she reached the narrow rim of grass which ran from the edge of the bog to the edge of the precipice which overhung the village. That rim was very narrow indeed now, for the bog was creeping and sliding across it, and the girl wondered, as she ran towards the path down the cliff face, which would win the race—she or the bog.

"The bog's got a start," she thought ruefully. "And the bog hasn't got legs to ache, or breath to lose either—the horrid, sneaking, creeping thing that it is!"

Biddy hurried down that path as though all the witches and goblins in Ireland had been running after her trying to catch her by the skirts.

It was a steep, dangerous path, too, sometimes so narrow that you had to cling to the side of the mountain, and there was only just room to put your feet—and not that, if they'd been very large ones, as Biddy remarked to herself. And all the time she kept looking up at the top of the precipice, and wondering how long it would be before she saw the edge of the bog creeping—creeping over, like a great dark wave.

She hardly knew what she was doing—she hardly knew when she reached the bottom, or where she was. But, as she said afterwards, her legs must have known if she didn't, for next minute she found herself racing down the strip of garden at the back of the school-house, banging through the door, and tearing down the stone passage into the classroom.

"Oh, teacher, teacher!" she gasped, for she had scarcely any breath at all left. "Come out quickly! Send all the children away! Come and tell everybody—the bog's falling down the mountain-side, and it will bury us all before we've time to turn!"

The school teacher was quick and clever. She seemed to understand in a minute, without any more telling, what was happening, almost as though she had seen the moving bog herself, and she didn't wait to waste time by asking a lot of questions.

She stood up behind her tall desk and spoke quietly to the monitors.

"Take the children out into the street, and up on to the hill by the church. And be quick, as quick as you possibly can—the littlest first, and then all the other classes in order. Be steady all of you, and remember that the biggest boys and girls have the place of honour—behind the small ones!"

The school teacher waited until the schoolroom was empty, and it did not take long. Then she ran quickly out into the village street, and Biddy, who had been standing beside her, panting still, followed. The two went from cottage to cottage, banging on the doors, telling the people inside what had happened, and what *would* happen in a very few minutes more!

What a noise and bustle there was! Everybody seemed to be calling out at once, and some of the women and children were crying, and the men were piling all the things they wanted to take away into wheel-barrows and bundles of all sorts.

They were wonderfully quick, and soon there was a long, trailing procession hurrying down the village street, away from the mountain-side, towards the hill where the church stood, where they all knew they would be safe whatever happened.

And then, just as the very last old woman had been placed in safety, there was a tremendous roaring noise, like the loudest peal of thunder imaginable, and a great dark wave of bog came curling over the edge of the mountain and crashing down—down upon the cottages and upon the schoolhouse, burying them deeply under those masses of mud and peat.

That is how more than half of the village of Ballyoshee was destroyed. And that is how the people of Ballyoshee were saved, as they certainly would *not* have been, if Biddy had not seen the moving of the bog, and crossed it to save them from the terrible peril.

But when the school teacher and many of the other men and women in the village tried to tell her so, and to thank her, the little girl would not listen.

"It wasn't my fault at all, at all!" she said, laughing and shaking her head. "If it hadn't been for the little pig, and me bringing him down to market, I'd not have been there this morning—I'd have been in school and doing my lessons hours and hours before, and buried with all the rest by the bog. And if the pig hadn't been naughty, as he was, I'd not have been kept waiting on the road, and I wouldn't have noticed what the bog was doing; and so it's the pig and his badness that you ought to thank, not me! And now I must run on and see what he's doing, all tied up there alone, and get back to my home. My mother will be afther thinking I'm lost, and there's the pig not sold, nor anything!"

So Biddy ran off to fetch the little pig who *wouldn't* go to market!

A Play made from a Story

THE TRAVELLING MUSICIANS; OR
THE WAITS OF BREMEN

THE STORY

(From "Grimm's Fairy Tales")

AN honest farmer had once an ass that had been a faithful servant to him for a great many years, but was now growing old and every day more and more unfit for work. His master therefore was tired of keeping him, and began to think of putting an end to him; but the ass, who saw that some mischief was in the wind, took himself slyly off, and began his journey towards Bremen, "for there," thought he, "I may chance to be chosen town musician."

After he had travelled a little way, he espied a dog lying by the roadside and panting as if he were tired. "What makes you pant so, my friend?" said the ass. "Alas!" said the dog, "my master was going to knock me on the head, because I am old and weak, and can no longer make myself useful to him in hunting; so I ran away; but what can I do to earn my livelihood?" "Hark ye!" said the ass, "I am going to Bremen to turn musician: suppose you go with me, and try what you can do in the same way?" The dog said he was willing, and they jogged on together.

They had not gone far before they saw a cat sitting in the middle of the road and making a most rueful face. "Pray, my good lady," said the ass, "what's the matter with you? you look quite out of spirits!" "Ah me!" said the cat, "how can one be in good spirits when one's life is in danger? Because I am beginning to grow old and had rather lie at my ease by the fire than run about the house after the mice, my mistress laid hold of me, and was going to drown me; and though I have been lucky enough to get away from her, I do not know what I am to live upon." "Oh!" said the ass, "by all means go with us to Bremen; you are a good night singer, and may make your fortune as one of the waits." The cat was pleased with the thought, and joined the party.

Soon afterwards, as they were passing by a farmyard, they saw a cock perched upon a gate, and screaming out with all his might and main. "Bravo!" said the ass; "upon my word you make a famous noise; pray what is all this about?" "Why," said the cock, "I was just now saying that we should have fine weather for our washing-day, and yet my mistress and the cook don't thank me for my pains, but threaten to cut off my head to-morrow, and make broth of me for the guests that are coming on Sunday!" "Heaven forbid!" said the ass; "come with us, Master Chanticleer; it will be better, at any rate, than staying here to have your head cut off! Besides, who knows? If we take care to sing in tune, we may get up some kind of a concert; so come along with us." "With all my heart," said the cock, so they all four went on jollily together.

They could not, however, reach the town the first day; so, when night came on, they went into a wood to sleep. The ass and the dog laid themselves down under a great tree, and the cat climbed into the branches; while the cock, thinking that the higher he sat the safer he would be, flew up to the very top of the tree, and then, according to his custom, before he went to sleep, looked out on all sides of him to see that everything was well. In doing this he saw, afar off, something bright and shining; and calling to his companions said, "There must be a house no great way off, for I see a light." "If that be the case," said the ass, "we had better change our quarters, for our lodging is not the best in the world!" "Besides," added the dog, "I should not be the worse for a bone or two, or a bit of meat." So they walked off together towards the spot where Chanticleer had seen the light; and as they drew near, it became larger and brighter, till they at last came close to a house in which a gang of robbers lived.

The ass, being the tallest of the company, marched up to the window and peeped in. "Well, Donkey," said Chanticleer, "what do you see?" "What do I see?" replied the ass; "why, I see a table spread with all kinds of good things, and robbers sitting round it making merry." "That would be a noble lodging for us," said the cock. "Yes," said the ass, "if we could only get in:" so they consulted together how they should contrive to get the robbers out; and at last they hit upon a plan. The ass placed himself upright on his hind-legs, with his fore-feet resting against the window; the dog got upon his back; the cat scrambled up to the dog's shoulders, and the cock flew up and stood upon the cat's head. When all was ready, a signal was given, and they began their music. The ass brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock screamed; and then they all broke through the window at once and came tumbling into the room, amongst the broken glass, with a most hideous clatter! The robbers, who had been not a little frightened by the opening concert, had now no doubt that some frightful hobgoblin had broken in upon them, and scampered away as fast as they could.

The coast once clear, our travellers soon sat down and dispatched what the robbers had left, with as much eagerness as if they had not expected to eat again for a month. As soon as they had satisfied themselves, they put out the lights, and each once more sought out a resting-place to his own liking. The donkey laid himself down upon a heap of straw in the yard; the dog stretched himself upon a mat behind the door; the cat rolled herself up on the hearth before the warm ashes; and the cock perched upon a beam on the top of the house; and, as they were all rather tired with their journey, they soon fell asleep.

But about midnight, when the robbers saw from afar that the lights were out and that all seemed quiet, they began to think that they had been in too great a hurry to run away; and one of them, who was bolder than the rest, went to see what was going on. Finding everything still, he marched into the kitchen, and groped about till he found a match in order to light a candle; and then, espying the glittering fiery eyes of the cat, he

mistook them for live coals, and held the match to them to light it. But the cat, not understanding this joke, sprang at his face, and spat, and scratched at him. This frightened him dreadfully, and away he ran to the back-door; but there the dog jumped up and bit him in the leg; and as he was crossing over the yard the ass kicked him; and the cock, who had been awakened by the noise, crowed with all his might. At this the robber ran back as fast as he could to his comrades, and told the captain "how a horrid witch had got into the house, and had spat at him and scratched his face with her long bony fingers; how a man with a knife in his hand had hidden himself behind the door, and stabbed him in the leg; how a black monster stood in the yard and struck him with a club; and how the devil sat upon the top of the house, and cried out, 'Throw the rascal up here!'" After this the robbers never dared to go back to the house; but the musicians were so pleased with their quarters, that they took up their abode there; and there they are, I dare say, to this very day.

THE PLAY

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

The Ass.

The Dog.

The Cat.

The Cock.

Four Robbers.

[It is evening. A milestone, which says it is ten miles to Bremen, is at back of the stage. Near the centre is a tree, with a bench beneath it, and to the right is the wall of a cottage with a shut door, and a square lighted window fairly high up.]

[Enter from left an Ass and a Dog. A Cat sits on the bench.]

Ass. I'm getting sleepy. How much farther to Bremen?

Dog. If you would look you would see. Three miles by this stone.

Ass. What stone?

Dog. The milestone. It's written there.

Ass. Do you mean to say you can read?

Dog. Of course I can. I learnt at school. I learnt to read and cipher. Look. It says, quite clearly, three miles to Bremen.

Ass. Well, well. When we sing you will have to have the book and wave your hoof to keep time.

Dog. Excuse me. Mine are paws.

Ass. Sorry. You see, I never was at school, so I don't know the names of things. I was sent to work young.

Dog. I know. It's very hard for some people. They are just brought up in the fields and allowed to run wild. I was always kept in a kennel and taken out on a lead.

Ass. Indeed now! How you must miss it!

Dog. I value my freedom. If I had not thought that the moment had come for decided action I should never have taken this step.

Ass. But I thought you said your master wanted to kill you. [Dog looks offended.]

Cat [jumps down from seat and runs up to pair]. Meow. Good day. Did you say your master wanted to kill you? That is just what my mistress wanted to do to me!

Ass. Well, I never! Why, mine wanted to kill me. He said my skin was more use to him than I was. I did not see the truth of that, so I ran away. I'm going to take up music as a profession and sing in Bremen. He-haw! He-haw!

Cat [in astonishment]. Meo-o-w!

Ass. You know you have a most expressive voice. Would you like to sing too?

Cat. As I was saying, my mistress said I was old and no good.

Ass. What made her say that? My master said I could not pull a cart uphill.

Cat. I don't pull carts. I catch mice; but I got tired of chasing the silly little things, so I just went to sleep by the fire. Besides, I was not hungry; I had just had my breakfast. Why should one catch mice when one is not hungry? [Maliciously to dog] Why did your master want to kill you?

Dog. You are mistaken. I was a great favourite with them all.

Cat [still more maliciously]. Then why did you leave home?

Dog. Owing to a slight misunderstanding. My master took me out in a boat, and he was—well—a little irresponsible, and I feared that he might upset the boat, and in an excess of affection take me into the water with him.

Ass [who has entirely missed the point of the foregoing]. You said, you know, that he had tied a stone round you and meant to drown you.

Cat [with a sudden giggle]. Oh, poor thing! Is that the mark of the cord round your neck? I am so sorry.

Dog. Not at all. Hulloo, what's that?

Cock [off; singing].

Cock-a-doodle-do,

My lady's lost her shoe.

[Enters.]

Give her another to match the other,

And then she'll walk in two—

Cock-a-doodle-do.

[Bows.

Greeting friends. And where may you be going to?

(To be continued.)

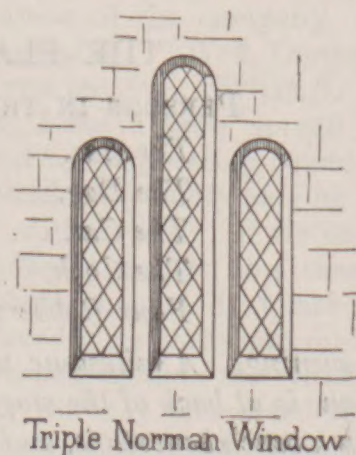
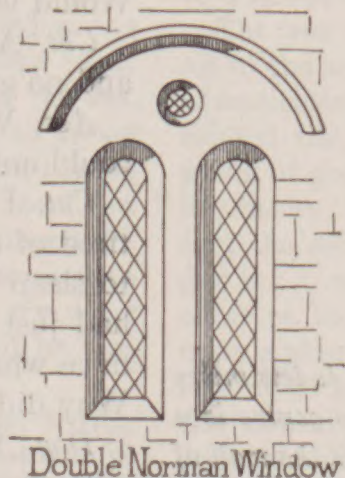
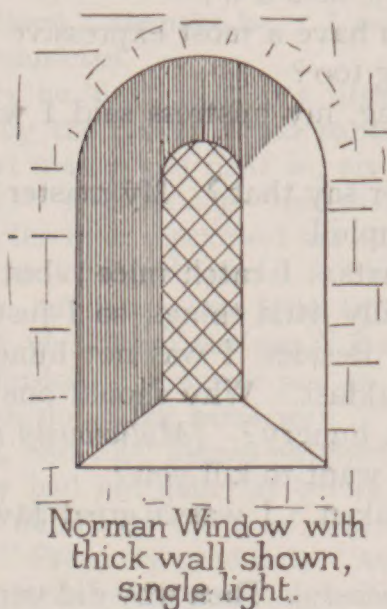
The Builders of Long Ago

PART I.—NORMAN ARCHITECTURE

BY WINIFRED HAMMOND, F.R.H.S.

DURING the next few months I hope to tell you a little about the "architecture" of the old castles and churches to be found in England.

"Architecture!" That sounds a difficult word, doesn't it? But its meaning is really quite simple after all. You know that a man who makes drawings



(or "plans," as they are called) for a new building is called an "architect." (Wren was the "architect" of St. Paul's Cathedral, because he made the drawings to show the workmen how it should be built.)

Well! The "Art of Beautiful Building" is called "Architecture."

I wonder if any of you live in London and have been to the White Tower; or whether you live near a ruined castle or ancient village church. Even if not, you are sure to have seen something of the sort during your summer holidays, and perhaps even been "bored" when the grown-ups have enjoyed wandering about inside the building, whilst you were longing to be out in the sunshine again.

But, you know, these places are really very interesting if only you know just a little bit about them. You can play quite a good sort of quiet "I spy" all by yourself when trying to spot things.

Then, too, those who are fond of "making up stories" can think out such thrilling ones of the adventures of the builders of those days, with one eye on their work, and the other on possible enemies. You can picture what their clothes were like, and what

the great ladies and the children who first worshipped in the church, or lived in the castle, wore on the "opening day," and how they spent their time.

Not that you can see them in a picture hanging on the walls, but just by looking at the shapes of the windows and doorways, and other "stony" things for by *their* shapes you will be able to tell whether these people of long ago wore the knee-length tunic of Norman times, or the slashed doublet of Henry VIII.'s reign.

The earliest buildings that you are most likely to come across are the churches built by the Normans.

Before entering find out all you can about it on the outside, look at the shapes of the windows and the doors. If they are *rounded* you can make a

very good guess that it was built between the years 1066 and 1189.

Inside, the church seems very dark, for the *windows are small* and set in walls sometimes even six feet thick, so that very little daylight is able to get in even when two or three windows are placed together under one arch. Not that the darkness mattered very much in the days when such churches were built, for the priest was the only one provided with a book, and even if the worshippers had possessed them, it was rare to find any one who could read.

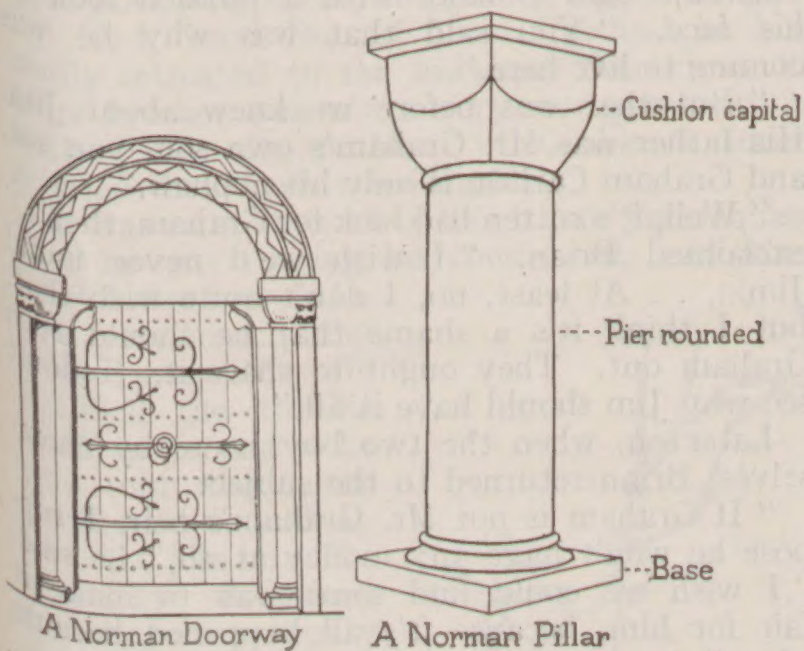
The same *rounded arch* that you noticed in the windows is seen everywhere in a Norman building, *round-headed doorways, rounded arches, and rounded (semi-circular) roofs.*

The Normans were a sturdy race, and whenever you go into one of their churches and look at the *pillars*, you will notice that they are like the men who made them—sturdy and "Norman-looking." So *short, solid, and round*, and with such solid "capitals" (as the head of a pillar is called).

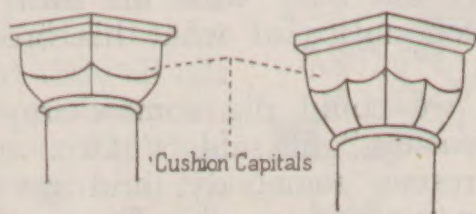
The *capitals* made by the earlier Norman workmen were plain and called "*cushion-capitals*" (not very comfortable cushions, by the way!), whilst the later

men ornamented theirs with scallops, quaint heads, and similar decorations.

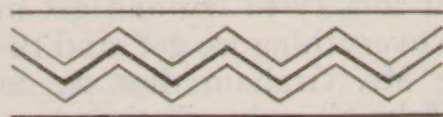
Have you ever tried to carve stone with an axe?



If so, you will be able to understand why the first Normans, who used this tool only, did not do much carving, only easily-cut patterns such as the "zig-zag" being common.



But by Henry II.'s reign the use of the chisel became general, with the result that beautiful and quaint carvings, such as "cats' heads" and "beak heads," were able to be done.



Zig-zag Ornament

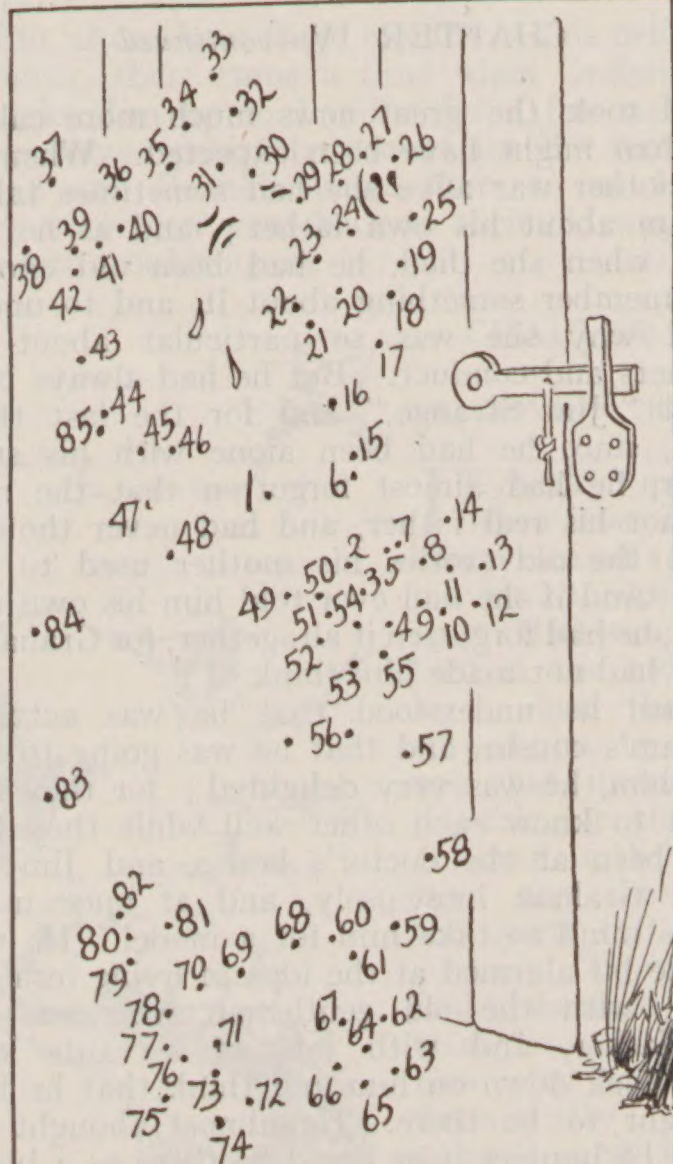
Not long after this, architects learnt how to "vault" over wider spaces than they had been able to do with the round roof, with the result that the famous round arch went quite out of fashion and the Early English pointed arch was usual.

Next month I will tell you how to recognize an Early English church built during the reigns of Richard I., John, and Henry III.—namely, during the thirteenth century.

✦ ✦ ✦

Pig dealer. "How much for that pig?"
Old farmer. "I'll take twenty-one shillings for it."
Pig dealer. "I want a pig, not a guinea pig."

MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE



THIS PIG WENT TO MARKET;
THIS PIG STAYED AT HOME;
THIS PIG HAD ROAST MEAT;
THIS PIG HAD NONE;
THIS _____ WENT TO
THE BARN DOOR
AND CRY'D,
"WEEK, WEEK"
FOR MORE.

Beginning at the small dot at figure 1 draw a line to the small dot at figure 2, and from there to figure 3, and so on. You will then see what you will see.

✦ ✦ ✦

AN elderly lady was being shown round Nelson's old flagship, the *Victory*, when the guide suddenly exclaimed, "This is the spot where Nelson fell!" "Ah, I see it is a very awkward spot. I nearly fell myself," said the interested sightseer.

The Secret Brotherhood

CHAPTER IV—*continued*

JIM took the great news much more calmly than might have been expected. When his mother was alive she had sometimes talked to him about his own father; and as he was eight when she died, he had been old enough to remember something about it, and to understand why she was so particular about his manners and conduct. But he had always been called "Jim Strange," and for the last three years, since he had been alone with his step-father, he had almost forgotten that the man was not his real father, and had never thought about the old stories his mother used to tell him. And if she had ever told him his own real name, he had forgotten it altogether, for Graham's name had not made him think of it.

When he understood that he was actually Graham's cousin, and that he was going to live with him, he was very delighted; for they had learnt to know each other well while they had both been at the doctor's house, and Jim admired Graham immensely, and at once made up his mind to take him for a model. He was a little bit alarmed at the idea of living in a big house, with the old gentleman who was his grandfather, and with lots of servants who might look down on him and think that he had no right to be there. He almost thought he would be happier if he could be there as a boot-boy, or something of the kind, himself, instead of having (as he put it) "to be turned into a gentleman all at once."

But later on, when Graham began to talk about buying some clothes for him, and he found that he was going to possess all the same kind of things that the Marston boys had, he was delighted at the prospect. Then his grandfather actually came himself to visit him, and gave him a watch—which made Jim intensely proud. Mrs. Carlton also came several times to see him, before he was able to leave the doctor's house, and he was told to call her "Granny."

Brian and Donald went to see him whenever they were allowed to, and from them Jim managed to learn a good deal about what his new life would be like. They had been very much amazed when they were first told who Jim really was, and were much more puzzled by the facts than he was himself. Brian had asked,—

"But if Jim is really Mr. Graham's grandson, will he always live with him at Thorley?"

"Yes," answered his mother, who had been explaining it to them. "Of course Thorley will

be his home. Some day it will all belong to him."

"I thought it was going to belong to Graham Carlton," said Donald, with a puzzled look on his face. "You said that was why he was coming to live here."

"But that was before we knew about Jim. His father was Mr. Graham's own son, you see, and Graham Carlton is only his nephew."

"Well, it's rotten bad luck for Graham, then!" exclaimed Brian. "I wish we'd never found Jim. . . . At least, no, I don't quite wish that, but I think it's a shame that he should turn Graham out. They ought to share it. I don't see why Jim should have it all."

Later on, when the two boys were by themselves, Brian returned to the subject.

"If Graham is not Mr. Graham's heir, I suppose he won't have any money at all," he said. "I wish we could find some way to make it fair for him, because it's all happened because of us."

"No, it hasn't. We didn't *make* Jim," said Donald, who was in one of his argumentative moods. "That man Strange might have come and told people about him anyhow."

Brian was too busy with his own thoughts to take much notice of what his brother was saying.

"I wish we could dig somewhere and find a buried treasure," he said. "Or . . . or . . . we might rescue somebody, and get a whole heap of money as a reward. Then we'd give it all to Graham. Or p'raps we could earn some."

"I've got fourpence," said Donald hopefully.

"Wish I had," went on Brian. "But, anyhow, that's a fat lot of good! We should want pounds and pounds. I'll tell you what. We'll make a secret society to try and get money, and we'll save up everything we get, and then perhaps by the time Mr. Graham dies we might have enough. It'll be all right till then, you know."

"But Mr. Graham must be nearly a hundred now," Donald objected. "We shan't have much time to earn anything."

"Rot! I don't suppose he's so very much older than Daddy. Anyway he might go on living for years." (Really he was over eighty, whereas the Rector was about forty!) "If you're going to be such a wet blanket you shan't join the society."

"You can't be a society all by yourself," the younger boy retorted; and as this was unanswerable, Brian had to withdraw his threat. Finally they agreed to call themselves "The Secret Brotherhood," which was pledged to find a fortune for Graham Carlton to replace what he had lost through the coming of Jim.

"Next time one of us cuts a finger or any-

thing, we'll sign a pledge with our blood," said Brian—"secret societies always do that." Then he added as an afterthought, "Do you think your nose would bleed if I gave it a good bang?"

"No!" said Donald decidedly, and he hurriedly retreated to the nursery. Sometimes his elder brother was not a very safe person to be with! But the problem of Graham's future worried them both considerably.

It was some time after this before Jim realized that he was turning his cousin out, and when he did discover it he was very much distressed about it. He confided the trouble to the boys, and so he was told about the Brotherhood, and allowed to join it. The necessary document had been carefully drawn up, but was as yet still unsigned, and Jim went up greatly in the Marstons' estimation when he deliberately cut his own finger in order to provide what they all felt was indispensable to it.

In the meanwhile the boys spent all the time they could with Graham, who enjoyed having them as companions. Jim could only go about in an invalid chair at present, and after he came to the Hall he was very often wheeled into his grandfather's room to sit with him. Just at first, Jim was a little bit afraid of his grandfather, but they very soon became great friends and liked to be together.

The Rector and Mrs. Marston were particularly glad this summer that their boys should have such a splendid companion, for Mrs. Marston was not at all strong, and the doctor had admitted that he was anxious lest she should become really ill, especially as the boys were at an age when they were always getting into scrapes and causing her a good deal of worry. After Graham's arrival they gave very little trouble. They worked harder at their lessons, because they were afraid of being kept away

from him as a punishment if they were naughty, and they had so many new interests and amusements that they were too busy to get into mischief.

But after about three months of this delightful summer, there came a time when Graham had to take Jim up to London for a few weeks to have some special treatment for his foot, and Brian and Donald missed them so much that they very soon went back to their old ways and got into trouble again.

CHAPTER V

THE BOYS IN TROUBLE

IT began one day when the Rector had promised to take his sons to see some sports that were being held in the next village; but the day turned out to be so wet that it was impossible for them to go, even if there had been any chance of the sports still taking place. They had looked forward to the treat for such a long time that they were dreadfully disappointed, and refused to be consoled.

They were very troublesome over their lessons in consequence, and at last Brian was so rude and Donald so obstinate that Mrs. Marston made them both stand in the corner while she tried to get a little peace to attend to

Ursula's small lessons. Unfortunately for the boys, their father happened to come in just when this point had been reached, and knowing that his wife was not at all well he took them off to his study to finish their lessons with him. He gave them a very severe scolding, and said that if they had not been so inconsiderate they might have seen how ill their mother looked.

They spent anything but a pleasant morning, and when dinner-time came, and they heard that their mother had such a bad headache that she was not coming down, they felt very much



ashamed of themselves, and the meal was a very gloomy one.

Unluckily for Donald there was tapioca pudding for dinner, and it was a pudding that he always disliked. To-day, when he was already feeling very miserable as well as disappointed about the treat, it seemed worse than ever, and he declined to eat it. But his father would not let him off.

"I'm afraid I can't possibly eat it," said Donald sadly, putting down his spoon. "You see, it's all made of stickphast and snails scraped out of their shells, and if I——"

His father interrupted.

"Don't talk nonsense, Donald," he said sternly. "Eat it up at once, and don't let me hear any more grumbling about it."

Donald took a very little in his spoon, looked at it, and then put it down again, and began to cry, which made Mr. Marston even more angry with him.

"Don't be such a cry-baby! You're not fit to have meals downstairs at all. Take your plate up to the nursery and finish your pudding there. Remember you are to eat it all, and tell Nurse I said so."

Nanny gave him very little sympathy when he told her why he had come, but she did warm up the pudding for him, which made it a little better, and he managed to swallow some of it. Then Nurse went down to the kitchen to fetch something, and Ursula, who had no objections to tapioca, ate most of her brother's pudding while she was out of the room. When Nurse came back, he gulped down the last mouthful, and declared that he knew it was poisoned and that he would very shortly be dead.

Afterwards Brian came up to the nursery, and as they were all groaning about the wet afternoon Nurse let them make some toffee to make up for the treat they had missed, so by tea-time they had recovered their spirits and were quite good and cheerful again. The boys were allowed to go and say good-night to their mother before they went to bed; and they were both extremely penitent, and promised their father that they would try not to worry her any more. But it was a promise they did not find it very easy to keep, and the very next day Brian got into a worse scrape than usual.

Mrs. Marston was better the next morning, which was Sunday, and the boys went to church with her as usual, looking very model little boys in their Sunday clothes, and on their very best behaviour. Luckily it was quite a fine day, and in the afternoon they went to sit in the garden, with some new story-books that Graham had given them before he went away. Donald was fond of reading, and was soon deep in his story;

but after a short time Brian got tired of his, and went off for a stroll on his own account.

There was a small lake in the grounds of the Hall, with a small island in the middle, and the boys had been learning to row, but they were never allowed to go out in the boat by themselves. Brian's wanderings presently brought him to the woods round the lake, and he suddenly remembered that a few days ago he had left a precious teddy bear belonging to Anne on the island, when they had borrowed it for a bear hunt. He had forgotten about it until now, although he had promised her to bring it back the same day, and he was rather surprised that Anne had not remembered to ask for it. He went to the farm to see if one of the men happened to be about, who would take him in the boat to fetch it, but they were all occupied with the usual Sunday afternoon sleep, and he could not find anybody.

Brian came back to the lake, and wandered down to the boat-house. Then he saw that the key had been left in the lock, and he began to wonder whether he might go by himself.

"I know I can manage the boat perfectly well," he thought. "And I did promise Anne I'd bring her teddy back. It won't take more than ten minutes, and it couldn't possibly do any harm."

He hesitated for a little while, but at last managed to persuade himself that he ought to keep his promise to Anne, and he got the boat out and rowed across to the island. He fastened the boat to a tree-stump, and then landed and went to look for the little bear. But at first he could not find it. Then he remembered that the bear was supposed to have escaped to its cave at the end of the hunt, so he forgot all about his hurry to get back, and amused himself by pretending to stalk the bear, and finally tracked it to its den. There he captured a dreadfully wet and draggled little monster. He had not thought about the effect of the rain the day before, and he knew Anne would be very much upset if she saw her favourite in such a dreadful condition. So he spent some time in trying to rub it dry, without, however, improving it much, and making himself very dirty in the process.

He had some difficulty in getting the boat pushed out from the weeds near the shore, for he had forgotten to bring a boat-hook; and at last, just when he had made the boat move and was going to jump in, his foot slipped and he got wet through nearly up to his waist. But he succeeded in getting clear of the reeds and rowed back to the boat-house. He fastened up the boat, and was just locking the door when he saw his father coming along. The path through the wood was a short cut to a little church on the

tells where the Rector had been to take an afternoon service.

"Hullo, Brian!" he said. "What is that awful little creature you've got there?"

"It's Anne's precious teddy, Dad. It was in the boat. She lent it to us the other day when we were pretending to have a bear hunt with Graham, and I forgot to bring it back. Somebody had left the key in the boat-house."

"You're rather late for tea, aren't you? You must try to be more punctual, because your mother worries so if you don't come in at the right time."

"Is it late?" asked Brian. "I didn't know what the time was."

"Yes, it's past five. Why, you're all wet! What have you been doing? Did you tumble in?"

"No, not exactly; but my foot slipped off the plank, and I did go a good way in. It's only my legs are a bit wet."

"You shouldn't go so near the edge," said his father. Then he noticed that the boy was looking rather red and uncomfortable, and he asked suddenly,—

"Brian, have you been in the boat?"

"No; I just happened to be rather near the edge, and it was very slippery."

"I'm not talking about that now," said Mr. Marston, "and I don't think you're telling the truth. Did you go in the boat or not?"

"It was only just—" said Brian. "I didn't for a row, but I had to fetch Anne's bear, because I had promised, you see."

"Then you mean you did go in the boat?"

"Only just across to the island. I had to go and get the bear."

"Nonsense. You know quite well that you oughtn't to have gone. You've been very disobedient and very deceitful. If you thought it was all right for you to go, why did you tell lies about it?"

Brian did not answer, and they finished the walk in silence. When they got back to the Rectory Mrs. Marston came out.

"Oh, here you are, Brian! What have you been doing? The others have finished tea, and I was getting anxious about you. Did you go to meet Daddy?"

"No. He has been very naughty," said the Rector. "Brian, go straight up to your room and go to bed. And you'd better have a hot bath, or you'll catch cold. Tell Nurse you may have some tea and bread and butter after you're in bed, but no cake or jam. I shall come up to you presently."

Brian went slowly upstairs, remembering with horror that a short time before his father had threatened to whip him the next time he told a

lie. He wondered whether he would remember it too, and felt that there was not much hope for him. By the time Mr. Marston came up he had been in bed some time and was pretending to be asleep. But he did not escape the punishment.

When Donald came up to bed soon afterwards, he found his brother buried under the bedclothes.

"What did Daddy do?" he asked. He had heard about Brian's crime when his father and mother had been talking about it.

"Whipped me," growled a muffled voice, "and told me not to talk to you."

"How? Did it hurt?" asked Donald, with keen interest. It was the first time that it had ever happened to either of them, and he was anxious to hear full particulars. But Brian, still under the blankets, only answered, "'Course it did!" and would not say any more—partly because he had been forbidden to talk, and partly because he did not want Donald to see that he had been crying. So the younger boy had to wait till the morning to satisfy his curiosity.

(To be continued.)

✦ ✦ ✦

MR. MARTIN was planning to build a summer-house in his garden, so he bought a fairly expensive saw and started on the job next day.

An hour or so later he came into the dining-room and flung himself down into a chair in disgust.

"That new saw I bought isn't worth twopence," he stormed. "Why, it won't cut butter."

His small son looked up in surprise.

"Oh, yes, it would, daddy," he exclaimed, "for I sawed a brick in half this morning quite easily."

✦ ✦ ✦

THE northern express had stopped for a short time at a little wayside station in order to have a minor repair done to the engine. The passengers beguiled the time of waiting by purchasing refreshments from a barrow. One man leaned out of the window, and threw a banana skin on the platform.

"Hi, the railway company won't have that," cried a porter, rushing forward excitedly.

"All right," replied the offender blandly, "then you and the station-master can have it between you."

Motto for April

*Happiness grows at our own firesides, and
is not picked up in strangers' gardens.*

D. JERROLD.

Sent in by BETTY BUTLER,
Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham,
to whom a book-prize has been awarded.



Saint Cuthbert

IN all the countryside there was no other boy so strong and fearless as Cuthbert, the shepherd lad who dwelt amongst the hills above the old town of Melrose.

It was in the time when life was hard and rough, and there were but few comforts or luxuries even in the houses of the rich. The children in those days early learned to brave many a danger and suffer many a hardship, and so they grew up sturdy and strong of limb, accustomed to an open-air life, little heeding the icy winds of winter or the snowstorms that swept their southern border-lands of Scotland.

But among all these hardy children of the hills there was none to compare with Cuthbert. In all their games of skill or strength he easily won the foremost place. Whether it was winter and they played at mimic warfare, with wonderful snow castles to be stormed and good round snowballs for their ammunition, or whether it was summer time and they ran and wrestled on the grassy slopes of the hillside, it was Cuthbert who led the attack on the victorious side, Cuthbert who was champion among the wrestlers and swiftest in the race. When others grew tired and cried for a truce, Cuthbert was still fresh and eager, ready to urge them on, for he never seemed to know what it meant to give in. And yet there were times when the boy stole away silently by himself to a lonely part of the hill that overlooked the little grey road beneath, and there sat as quiet and motionless as the rabbits that peeped out of their holes in the rocks beside him. So still did he sit that any one seeing him might have thought he was asleep, if they had not seen his keen bright eyes and guessed that he was as busy with his thoughts as he had been about his games.

But there was no one on the wild hillside to watch the silent boy; only his little furry friends the rabbits stole out and nibbled the grass about his feet, and the birds came hopping around him, knowing they had nought to fear from one who never harmed them, waiting for the meal which he always shared with these his friends. Sometimes impatient of his long, long thoughts, they would come nearer and peck at his bare feet, and Cuthbert would raise himself and chide them for their greediness, as he spread the crumbs which he had saved for them.

It was the little grey road beneath on which his eyes were fixed, and his thoughts followed its windings until it reached the old abbey of Melrose, the home of the holy monks, the servants of God.

Sometimes he would see two or three of the brothers in their homespun cloaks passing beneath, and would listen to the soft notes of the vesper hymn as it floated upwards, and the eager light in his eyes grew even brighter as he watched and listened. He knew what these good monks did for the people around; how they protected the weak, helped the helpless, nursed the sick, and went about unarmed and fearless through all the dangers that beset their path. There was something about the look of their kind strong faces that fascinated the boy, and drew him to watch for their passing and to dream of their work and their courage. Then he would softly sing over the fragments of their hymns which his keen ear had caught, and the sound stirred something in his soul.

"Who knows; some day I too may become a servant of God," he would whisper to himself. And it was a wonderful thought to dream about.

Then came a day which Cuthbert never forgot. He was playing as usual with the other boys, who were leaping and wrestling, and in their wild spirits trying to twist themselves into every kind of curious shape. They were all laughing and shouting together, when a little boy, scarce more than a baby, ran up and pulled Cuthbert by his coat.

"Why dost thou play such foolish games?" asked the child gravely.

Cuthbert stood still and looked down with surprise into the child's solemn eyes.

"Little wise one," he answered with a laugh, pushing him aside, but with no rough touch, "wilt thou teach us thy games of wisdom instead?"

The child turned away and with a sob flung himself upon the ground, crying as if his heart would break. The children gathered round, fearing he was hurt, but no one could find out what it was that vexed him, until Cuthbert lifted him up and soothed him with kindly words.

"Has aught harmed thee?" asked Cuthbert.

"No, no," sobbed the child; "but how canst thou, Cuthbert, chosen by God to be His servant and bishop, play at foolish games with babes, when He has called thee to teach thy elders?"

What strange words were these? The other boys had little patience with the crying child, and roughly bade him go home. But in Cuthbert's ears the words rang with a solemn sound, and he stored them up in his mind to ponder upon their meaning. What had the child meant? Was it possible that some day the words would come true and he would indeed be chosen by God to enter His service!

There was so much to think about that the lonely hours on the hillside grew longer and longer,

and he but rarely joined in the games now. Even at night he could not rest, thinking those long, long thoughts. He knew that the holy monks spent many a night in prayer to God, and he learned to love the dark solemn stillness when he crept out on the bare hillside to say his prayers under the starlit sky.

It seemed to be a link between him and those servants of God, and he thought in his childish way that if the angels were there to carry the holy prayers up to God's throne, they might in passing take his little prayer as well, and God would accept the best that a child could offer, knowing it was the prayer of one who longed to serve Him too.

As Cuthbert grew older there was less time for dreaming or for play. The sheep that were entrusted to him needed constant watchful care, for it was no easy task to be a shepherd in those wild days. Many an enemy lurked on the hillside, ready to snatch away a lamb if the shepherd was not careful. Not only did wolves prowl hungrily around, but men, not too honest, were as ready as the wolves to rob the flock, and it behoved the shepherd to be ever watchful and wary.

At night-time the shepherd lads would gather their sheep together and spend the hours in company watching round the fire, which they piled high with heather and branches from the wood. It was no hardship to Cuthbert, for he loved the nights on the hillside, and often while the others slept he watched alone, using the time for prayer.

He had helped to make the watch-fire as usual one night and had seen to the safety of the sheep, and then, one by one, the shepherd lads had fallen asleep in the warmth of the glowing fire. There was no need to rouse them, for he could keep guard alone, and he stole away to spend the night in prayer, as was his custom.

It was a dark night, and the reflection of the fire served only to make the darkness more dense. Cuthbert could scarcely see the outline of the sheep, huddled together for warmth, and in that great silence God seemed very near. Then, as he knelt in prayer, gazing upwards, a vision such as that which gladdened the eyes of the shepherds of Bethlehem burst upon his view. A great stream of dazzling light broke through the darkness, as if a window in heaven had been opened, and in that white shaft of light a company of angels swept down on earth. It was no birthday message which they brought this time, but their song of triumph told of a good life ended, as they bore upward the soul of one whose warfare was accomplished and who was entering into the joy of his Lord.

(To be continued.)

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



The Rose that didn't Grow

ONCE upon a time the King of Fairyland had a wonderful rose garden.

As he walked through it one day, examining all the buds and smelling all the full-blown roses, he sighed.

"We have plenty of red roses and plenty of pink and white," he said to his Head Gardener, "and I know them all, every one. Don't you think it's about time that we had some new kinds?"

"Your Majesty," answered the Head Gardener, "you have already all the kinds there are. There are no new roses to be had in all Fairyland."

"Well, that's ridiculous," said the King. "Why, in the world of boys and girls people are *always* inventing new roses. Why can't *we* invent some new sorts? I'd like a yellow rose. We've red and white, pink and cream, but not a single yellow one!"

"Well, your Majesty," suggested the Gardener, "why don't you send out a Royal Proclamation, asking every one to set their wits to work and grow some new kinds of roses? It's just the sort of thing the elves and fairies love to do!"

"Good! Splendid idea!" cried the King. "I'll go and do it at once!" and away he hurried into the palace, and called for pen and ink and paper.

Then, because he was an excellent writer, the King wrote out the Proclamation himself. When it was finished he blotted it carefully and gave it to the Lord High Chamberlain.

"Make this Proclamation known throughout the kingdom," he ordered.

"Yes, your Majesty," answered the Chancellor, and hurried off.

In a little while all the heralds of Fairyland were blowing their trumpets, and calling out the King's Proclamation to crowds of excited fairies.

"Oyez, oyez, oyez!" they called, in their clear, silvery voices. "The King of Fairyland offers a reward to whomsoever will bring him the most beautiful new yellow rose.



The winner will be made Grand Keeper of all the Flowers. Oyez, oyez, oyez!"

Then began such an excitement in Fairyland! Pixies and elves, gnomes and fairies, hurried to their gardens to see if they could, by help of what magic they knew, change the roses growing there into beautiful yellow ones.

"I'm going to look up spells in an old

book of magic I've got!" said one, turning out a cupboard to find it. She turned over page after page of the book until she came to the word YELLOW.

"To make anything change its colour to yellow, dance lightly on one foot four times round the object, morning and evening, chanting the magic word 'Fala-gari-oona-ree!'" cried the fairy, reading from the book.

So morning and evening the fairy could be seen lightly dancing on one foot and singing to the big red rose tree in her garden. Day by day it changed its colour little by little, and the fairy was most excited.

A little elf had a great idea. "If I water my rose tree with something yellow, that will turn the flowers yellow!" he thought, and he hunted about for something golden.

At last he made a mixture of early morning sunshine and amber-yellow dewdrops, and every day he watered his rose tree with them, until the rosebuds began to look as yellow as the sunbeams.

The pixies, who had a splendid rose garden of their own, met together to consult as to what plan *they* would follow.

"I know," cried one. "Let's mix a strong and powerful yellow paint, and get Artis, who paints exquisitely, to colour all our white roses yellow for us! If the King says a magic spell over them the colour will stay on always, and next year's flowers will be yellow too!"

"Splendid!" cried the rest. "Now, let's all go and find something to make the paint." Off they went, into all the corners of Fairyland.

One scooped the yellow sunshine from the top of pools at sunrise. Another begged the brimstone butterfly for some of the yellow dust on his wings. And a third had a splendid idea. *He* went about with a long silver spoon, and took the gold that lies in the heart of daffodils.

(To be continued.)

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must attend to the following rules* :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor*. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than April 22 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

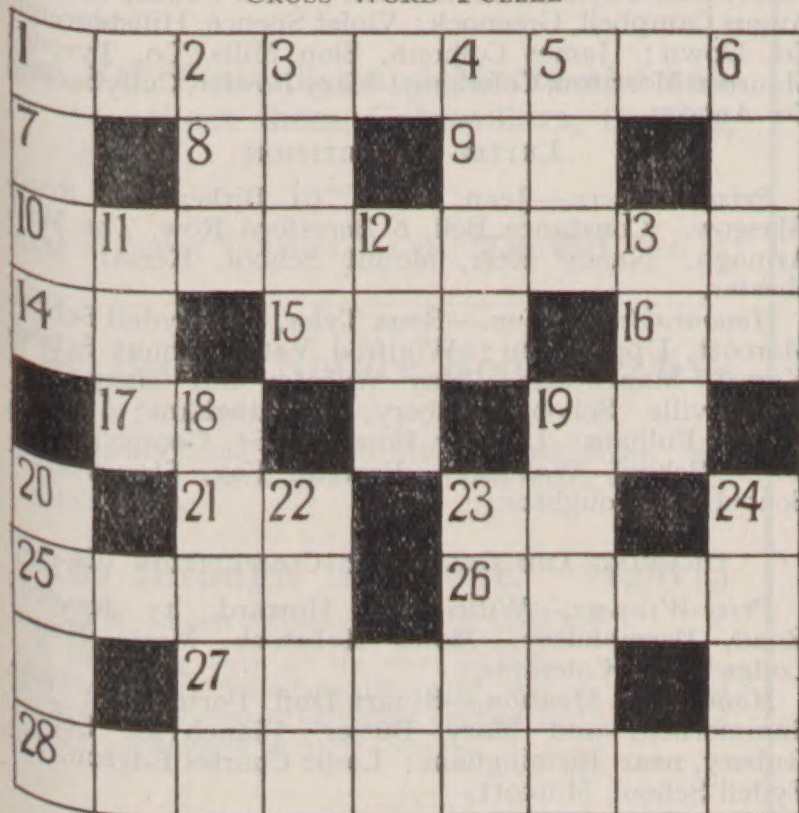
Competitions for April

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Write a summary of 150 words giving the substance of this month's instalment of "The Secret Brotherhood."

CROSS WORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. French national heroine. | 10. A symbol of good luck. |
| 7. An exclamation. | 14. Abbreviation for North America. |
| 8. That is. | 15. A dangerous explosive. |
| 9. Two-thirds of a donkey. | 16. A pronoun. |
| | 17. Britain's sure shield. |

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 19. A verb. | 26. A saint connected with fishermen. |
| 21. Before noon. | 27. A kind of window. |
| 23. Point of the compass. | 28. A pass in the Alps. |
| 25. A garment. | |

DOWN

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. A King of England. | 12. Farthest from the beginning. |
| 2. Essential to life. | 13. To be in debt. |
| 3. A home for feathered babies. | 16. Same as 16 across. |
| 4. Secure. | 18. Native Indian ruler. |
| 5. A tree with hard wood. | 19. A girl's name. |
| 6. A tribe of Indians. | 20. A Greek god. |
| 11. Used in boating. | 22. A lake. |
| | 23. Observed. |
| | 24. A dye. |

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of sheep and lambs in a field, and colour them with water-colours or chalks.

For Children under Twelve only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Make the story of Red Riding Hood into a little play with three scenes.

MANY-HEADED WORDS

- I am fortune; change my head and I am a bird; change once more and I am a merry elf.
- I am a present; change my head and I am to raise; change once more and I am a division.
- I am a point of direction; change my head and I am immense; change once more and I am rapid.
- I am a sailor's tale; change my head and I am to sew; change once more and I am to caution.
- I am an animal; change my head and I am scanty; change again and I am unusual; change once more and I am to venture.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a few spring flowers and colour them with water-colours or chalks.

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress telling her what you like to do on Saturdays.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of an Easter egg, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for February

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Peggy Stokes, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden Hall, Harpenden, Herts. Ruth Hosier, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing. Ronald Greenwood, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley.

Honourable Mention.—Phoebe Prescott, National School, Adlington; Sheila Morris, Walton-le-Dale,

Preston; David McClean, Newtownards; Grace Townsend, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Edna Gray and Ivy F. Reece, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden; Winifred Warren, Coppermill Road Girls' School, Walthamstow; Jeannie Simpson, Inverurie; Florence Green, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley.

WORD-MAKING COMPETITION

There are, of course, a great variety of solutions to this competition, but I shall give below the solution sent in by the winner of the first prize. The smallest number of "links" employed was twenty.

Cat *cot cog* Dog.
Cold *hold held head* Heat.
Milk *mile mine* Wine.
Give *gave rave rake* Take.
Fool *pool poll pole pile wile* Wise.
Rich *rick rock rook book boor* Poor.

Prize-Winners.—Gordon White, 9 Melrose Avenue, Reading. Hazel Ellis, 2 St. Lawrence Terrace, Howth, Co. Dublin. Joyce Hooper, 63 Browning Road, Leytonstone, London, E.11. Colville Crowe, 60 Little Frances Street, Newtownards, Co. Down.

Honourable Mention.—Marie M'Cready, Hillsborough, Co. Down; E. J. Henderson, Little Castledillon, Armagh; Mabel Connell, Dublin; Marjorie Davie, Ilford; Edith Norgett, London; William A. Cross, Banbridge, Co. Down; Barbara Smith, Dunstable; Harold Swift, St. Vincent's School, Liverpool; Matthew Stevenson, Chapelhall; Harry Magill, Armagh; George Hett and Jack Peters, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; Evelyn Jones, St. Paul's School, Adlington; Alfred McDonald, Greenisland; Nellie Powell, Pitsmoor, Sheffield; Effie Wilson, Edinburgh.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—W. Hewson, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, London, S.W.18. Jack Fairhurst, National School, Adlington, Lancs. Gladys Marchant, 1 Albany Terrace, Albany Road, Gillingham.

Honourable Mention.—Douglas Bywater, St. George's Road Boys' School, Wallasey; Barbara Smith, Dunstable; Ernest Mottershead, Wandsworth, S.W.18; Beth Robinson, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; William Roberts, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; Albert Watters and Tom Williams, National School, Adlington, Lancs; Joe Morrow, Main Street, Caledon; Dorothy Wingfield, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Harold Swift, St. Vincent's School, Liverpool.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Connie Martin, 54 Engadine Street, Southfields, London, S.W.18. Frances Taeger, 29 Anselm Road, Fulham, London, S.W.6. Jessie Wood, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing.

Honourable Mention.—Kathleen Watkins, Southfields, S.W.18; C. Walkerley, (no address); Betty Butler, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham; Leslie Popham, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Eileen J. Davey, Tadworth, Surrey; Edith Marion Prosser, Mount School, Kersal; Cissie Taylor, Killygordon; Rosemary Easton, Pendleton, Manchester; Philip John Tyler, The Fydell School, Morcott.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Marian Prosser, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. Roy Horsford, 116 Charlotte Street, Sittingbourne, Kent. Edward Callan, National School, Adlington, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—Matthew Stevenson, Glenview, Chapelhall; P. J. Tyler, The Fydell School, Morcott; James Critchley and Harold Jackson, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs; Ivy McClean, Newtownards; Harry Watson, Glasgow.

GARDEN PUZZLE

The number of competitors who sent in a correct solution to this puzzle was so great that it is quite impossible to print even one half of all the names. The very neatest correct solutions were sent in by the following:—

Prize-Winners.—Richard Ball, Boundary Lane, Hesketh Bank, near Preston. R. Bennett, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay. Patricia Labram, 74 Kilmartin Avenue, Norbury, London, S.W. 16. Thomas Murphy, St. Vincent's School, Beacon Lane, Liverpool.

Honourable Mention.—Jack Hamlet, Southfields; Mary Legg, Fulham, S.W.6; Gordon White, Reading; Megan Williams, Liverpool; Matthew Stevenson, Chapelhall; W. Walkerley, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden; Connie Martin, Southfields, S.W.18; William A. Cross, Banbridge, Co. Down; Alfred W. Goodwin, Ipswich; J. Moffett, Belfast; Agnes Wood, John O'Groat's, Wick; N. Elizabeth Hagger, Hampstead, N.W.6; Annie E. McFetridge, Aghadowey, Co. Derry; Margaret Wood, Thursby, Carlisle; Ronald Bailey, Stockwell, London; Gwenneth Baker, Woking; Effie Wilson, Edinburgh; Rene Barclay, Lisburn; Lindsay Bowman, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; William Graham, Strabane; Hilda Kuttner, Hampstead, N.W.6; Nina Addison, Lisburn; Frederick Lipscombe, Manor Park, E.12; Ruth Manuel, Dewsbury; Norman Collins, Belfast; Colville Crowe, Newtownards; May Sutherland, Glasgow; Ernest Black, Belfast; John Inglis, Glasgow; Isobel Nan Taylor, Pollokshields; Jack Power, Belfast; Angus Campbell, Greenock; Violet Spence, Hillsborough, Co. Down; James Colhoun, Sion Mills, Co. Tyrone; Maureen Morrison, Coleraine; Mary Fowler, Cullybackey, Co. Antrim.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Jean Logan, 91 Birkenhead Road, Glasgow. Constance Bell, 6 Beresford Row, The Mall, Armagh. Nancy Kerr, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Rena Tyler, The Fydell School, Morcott, Uppingham; Winifred Yates, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; May Webster and Mary Bird, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham; Gladys Styles, Fulham; Lindsay Bowman, St. George's Road Boys' School, Wallasey; Barbara Fox, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—Wilfrid G. Howard, 17 Reverdy Road, Bermondsey. Moira McIntosh, Marie House, Lodge Road, Coleraine.

Honourable Mention.—Stuart Duff, Portobello; Jean Summerfield and Mary Butler, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham; Leslie Charles Edgson, The Fydell School, Morcott.

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AN Irishman and his wife, on a visit to London, went to a theatre. The wife noticed the word "Asbestos" printed on the curtain. "Faith, Pat, and what does 'Asbestos' mean?" "Be still, Maggie, don't show your ignorance. That's Latin for 'Welcome.'"

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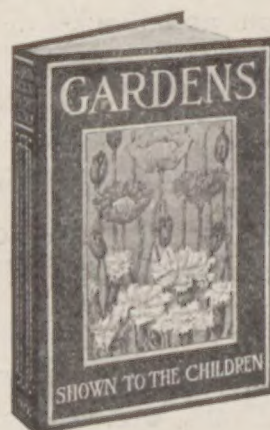
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[April

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